As burning feauers, agues pale, and faint,
Life-poysoning pestilence, and frendzies wood,
The marrow-eating sicknesse whose attaint,
Disorder breeds by heating of the bloud,
Surfets, impostumes, griefe, & damnd despaire,
Sweare natures death, for framing thee so faire.

And not the least of all these maladies,
But in one minutes fight brings beautie vnder,
Both fauor, saour, hew and qualities,
Whereat th'impartiall gazer late did wonder,
Are on the sudden wasted, thawd, and done,
As mountaine snow melts with the midday sunne.

Therefore despight of frurlesse chastitie,
Loue-lacking vestals, and selfe-louing Nuns,
That on the earth would breed a scarcitie,
And barren dearth of daughters, and of sons;
Be prodigall, the lampe that burnes by night,
Dries vp his oile, to lend the world his light.

What is thy bodie but a swalowing graue
Seeming to burie that posteritie,
Which by the rights of time thou needs must haue,
If thou destroy them not in darke obscuritie?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdaine,
Sith in thy pride, so faire a hope is slaine.

So

So in thy selfe, thy selfe art made away,
A mischiefe worse then ciuill home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperat hands themselues to slay,
Or butcher sire, that reaues his sonne of life:
Foule cankring rust, the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to vse more gold begets.

Nay then (quoth *Adon*) you will fall againe,
Into your idle ouer-handled theame,
The kisse I gaue you is bestow'd in vaine,
And all in vaine you striue against the streame,
For by this black-fac't night, desires foule nourse,
Your treatise makes me like you, worse and worse.

If loue haue lent you twentie thousand tongs,
And euerie tongue more mouing then your owne,
Bewitching like the wanton Marmaids songs,
Yet from mine eare the tempting tune is blowne,
For know my heart stands armed in mine eare,
And will not let a false sound enter there.

Lest the deceiuing harmonie should ronne,
Into the quiet closure of my brest,
And then my litle heart were quite vndone,
In his bed-chamber to be bard of rest,
No Ladie no, my heart longs not to grone,
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.